

"That's what they all say," said a policeman, shortly, "You'll wait here until the wagon comes."

Later Sergt. Barry arrived, recognized Farwell and Miss Gaston and released them and their party.

CLEVER ESCAPE FROM A B'AR



TOO HASTY

A young man walked smartly to the house of a certain business man and presented his card. He came face to face with the business man, who was in financial straits.

Young Man—Do you remember me, sir?

Business Man—I cannot say that I do.

Young Man—Do you remember kicking a youth from your

door who asked for your daughter, and telling him never to come near again?

Business Man—I am afraid I do, but you see—

Young Man (interrupting)—Well, I am he—Mr. Smart of the Stock Exchange, making \$250,000 a year. Sorry to hear you are a little hard up. I wish you a very good day, sir.

The old man went to embrace him, but too late, and he groaned at his too hasty temper.